

ANIMAL

COMICS

10¢

No. 4
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



HIYA,
COUSIN!
WHAT'S
BUZZIN'?



NOW, BUGS, TELL
THE FOLKS - TO
WHAT DO YOU
ATTRIBUTE
YOUR SUCCESS?

I OWE
IT ALL TO
MY NATURAL
CHARM, CHUM.
THAT'S ALL -



- AND TO MY LITTLE
ASSISTANTS, PORKY
AND PETUNIA -

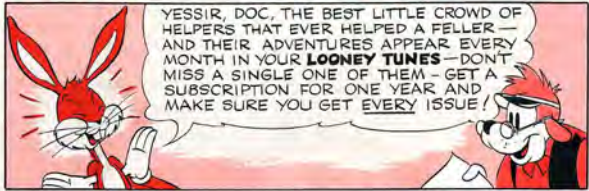
H-H-HELLO
F-F-FOLKS!

HELLO!



-- AND, OF COURSE, TO GOOD OLD
ELMER, TO JANE AND SNIFFLES,
TO RINGY ROONGA, AND TO A
LOT OF OTHER FOLKS YOU
MEET EACH MONTH IN

**LOONEY
TUNES**



YESSIR, DOC, THE BEST LITTLE CROWD OF
HELPERS THAT EVER HELPED A FELLER -
AND THEIR ADVENTURES APPEAR EVERY
MONTH IN YOUR **LOONEY TUNES** - DON'T
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Uncle Wiggily

I wish he could see how BEAUTIFUL he looks in these PAPER CHAINS, Sammie.

Tee-hee! Uncle Wiggily is going to be awfully sprised when he wakes up, Susie.

Z-z-z-z-z-z!



BY HOWARD R. GARRIS

Heh-heh! Uncle Wiggily doesn't even dream how sprised he's going to be—when I grab those two little bunnies!



UNCLE WIGGILY!
It's the Bad Burglar Fox!

He's come to eat us up!

Oh, goodness-gracious-ME!

GR-R-R!



Quick! Into the house!

Arrrrgh! I'll eat you ALL up—just to pay for my cracked shin!

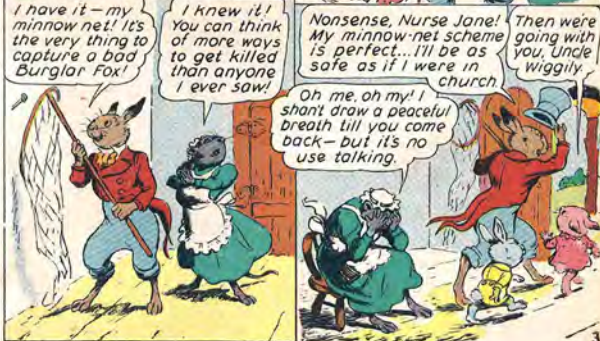
My, my! What is the matter, Uncle Wiggily?

The Burglar Fox! There isn't even time to lock the door!



A.C. 4-438





Ah! This paper might come in handy, too—I'll just take it along in my valise.

Here are the scissors, Uncle Wiggily.

And the paste.

See! Here are Mr. Fox's footprints, leading from the pantry window.

They'll be easy to follow.

He took this path into the woods.

I'll bet he never thought we'd dare to come after him.

That's the only way to catch a fox—just out-think him.

Oh, oh—a cave! But it's too big for a fox's den.

I'd be 'fraid to go in there in the dark.

Me, too—I guess we'll never get our piggy banks back.

Don't worry, children. I'll make us a Chinese lantern out of this paper.

And I'll put a new candle inside... It's a good thing I had some in my valise.

Oo-ooh! What a big, scary, shadowy cave!

Maybe it's where Santa Claus lives—lookit all the icicles!

Those are stalactites—not icicles, Sammie. And—SH-H-H! I heard something!





It's you, Mr Burglar Fox! I'm ready for you now!

Good grief, Uncle Wiggily! He's got a mob of police dogs with him!

The lantern light makes the bunnies' shadows look ferocious

Without stopping for a second look, the Burglar Fox rows away for dear life



Now, what'll we do Uncle Wiggily?

N-NO. Susie - a paper boat would be sure to leak

Can't you make a paper boat?



But you HAVE given me an idea - we'll make a HOT AIR BALLOON!



Hurry up, Uncle Wiggily! We can paste the pieces faster than you can cut them out

Splendid! This one will be ready in two snips



I'll set it over those three lighted candles and they will heat the air inside



Don't let the flame touch the paper. Sammie



While the air is getting hot enough to lift the balloon I'll tie these strong cords around it and YOU can fill my valise with sand



Why do you want a valise full of sand, Uncle Wiggily?



Hurry, children—I'll explain later.



Oh-h-h! we're GOING UP!

Grab that other candle, Uncle Wiggily!

I have it.



Well, children—how do you like ballooning?

It's splendidous!

Now I see what the valise full of sand is for—it keeps us from sailing up to the roof.



I'm afraid we have a little TOO MUCH sand.

Yes, it's pulling us down to the water.

I'll cure that trouble—we'll pour some out!



Here we are, on the other side of the lake.

There's the bad fox's rowboat.



We'll tie our balloon here—and leave the candles burning.

They'll show us the way back.



And the balloon will be ready in case the bad fox chases us.



This will hold him—ugh—safe till we're ready to let him out.

Perhaps we should call the police dogs to do that.

You do it now—or my friends the Pipsisewah and the Skeezicks will get even with' you!

Don't mind him, children—we'll search his den now for your piggy banks.



Spouse there's a Mrs Burglar Fox waiting for us upstairs, Uncle Wiggily?

No fear, Susie! This fox is too bad and mean to have a wife.

This must be his kitchen—it's quite cozy, after all.



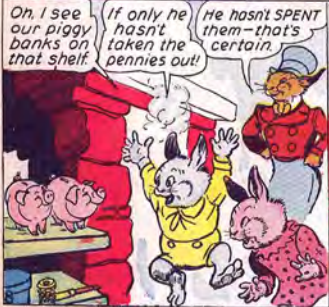
Oh, I see our piggy banks on that shelf.

If only he hasn't taken the pennies out!

He hasn't SPENT them—that's certain.

The pennies are safe—listen, Uncle Wiggily!

I told you so—and here's the stolen lettuce and fruit.



We'll have a scrumptious salad and tea before we go home.

Yeeay! I'm hungry after all our adventures.

I do declare—this is more fun than a picnic!

All the food is ours—

—only we didn't have to bring it here.

Me, too!



BAM! BAM! BAM! Open the door, Burgly Fox!

Oh, dear me suz-dud! Who can that be?

What's the matter, Burgly—are you playing a trick on us?

We want to boil this tender young duck in your pot.

It s-sounds like the Pipsisewah!



BAM! BAM!

Quack-quack! Help! I don't want to be BOILED!

It IS the Pipsisewah, and the Skeezicks—with poor little Jimmie Wibblewobble! Run and bring me a box of red hot pepper.

I'll open the door in just a minute—but I'm afraid you'll catch the sneezes.

Psssst! Here it is—Uncle Wiggily

Oo-ooh!

Pepper!







Ho-ho! Those bad burglar animals won't trouble us for awhile!

Hee-hee! They forgot to take along a bagful of sand!

HELP!

Here's the cave entrance. Are you still scared, Jimmie Wibble-wobble?

Not now... Listen-isn't that the Ice-Cream Man's bell outside?

It is—and there's nothing so good after an adventure as ICE CREAM!

TINK-A-TONK!
TINK-A-TONK!

Give us 4 giant double-dip strawberry ice-cream cones, please.

I will—in two shakes of Jimmie's tail.

Giant double-dips! Um-Yum-mm!

Won't the Pip and the Skee and the Burglar Fox EVER get down from the cave roof, Uncle Wiggily?

Ha-ha-ha! Of course—as soon as the candles burn out the balloon will float down—but they're too stupid to know THAT!

Little DINKY



HO-HUM...GUESS ME BETTER GET UP AN' PLAY WIF LI'L JOAN CAROLE. (YAWN) SHE MUST BE AWFULLY LONE-SOME WIFOUT ME.



HMMM...I WONDER WHERE SHE COULD BE?



OH, MOMMY! I LIKE HELPING YOU WITH THE HOUSEWORK... IT'S FUN!

IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO HELP BECAUSE THERE'S LOTS OF WORK TO BE DONE.



OH, HELLO, DINKY! YOU WANT TO PLAY, DON'T YOU? I'M SORRY...BUT I'M VERY BUSY AND HAVE NO TIME TO PLAY NOW.

PUR-RR



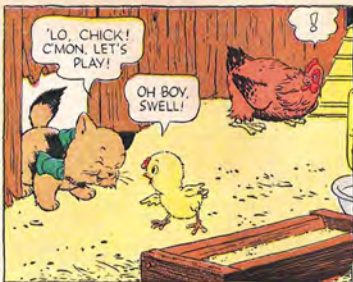
YOU JUST RUN ALONG AND PLAY OUT-SIDE UNTIL MOMMY AND I FINISH OUR WORK.

WELL! IF SHE THINKS MORE OF
HER WORK THAN SHE DOES OF
ME...I'LL JUST LET SOMEBODY
ELSE HAVE THE PLEASURE
OF PLAYING WIF
ME.

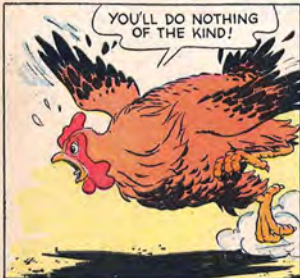


'LO, CHICK!
C'MON, LET'S
PLAY!

OH BOY,
SWELL!

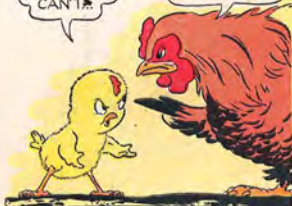


YOU'LL DO NOTHING
OF THE KIND!

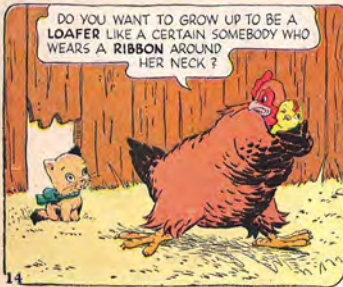


AW, SHUCKS,
MOM! WHY
CAN'TA...

DON'T FUSS, JUNIOR! YOU
HAVE TO GO WITH YOUR
FATHER TO LOOK
FOR WORMS!



DO YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A
LOAFER LIKE A CERTAIN SOMEBODY WHO
WEARS A RIBBON AROUND
HER NECK?



WHO ELSE WEARS A RIBBON BUT
ME? HMM...LET'S SEE...GOLLY!
COULD MRS. HEN HAVE
MEANT ME?





LITTLE DINKY TELLS ROVER
ABOUT HER TROUBLE IN FIND-
ING A PLAYMATE.



...AN' MRS.
HEN EVEN
CALLED ME
A LOAFER!
M-ME ISN'T
A LOAFER,
IS ME,
ROVER?

WE-ELL, NO...I S'POSE A LI'L
TYKE LIKE YOU! CAN'T DO
ANYTHING EET PLAY.



MAYBE
ME COULD!
WHAT COULD
ME DO THAT'D
BE USEFUL?

DINKY! THERE'S A PESKY OLD CROW
AROUND THE FARM THAT'S DRIVING
THE MASTER CRAZY
AND IF YOU
COULD.....



...AW.. BUT, SHUCKS! WHAT
COULD YOU DO WHEN THE
MASTER AND I CAN'T
EVEN CATCH HIM?



A CROW, HUH?
THAT'S ALL
ME WANTS
TO KNOW!
G'BYE!

A CROW...A CROW...
GOLLY! ME FORGOT
TO ASK ROVER
WHAT A CROW
LOOKS LIKE!



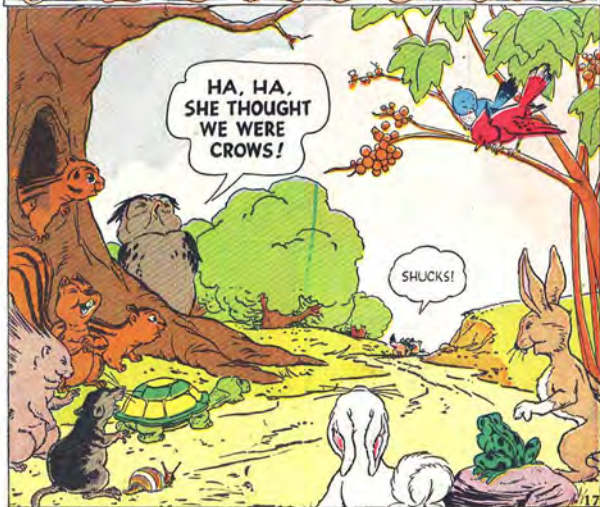
ARE YOU
A CROW?

NO, SILLY! I'M
A BUTTERFLY!



OH, 'SCUSE ME...
WELL...GUESS ME'LL
HAVE TO LOOK
AROUND SOME
MORE.





**TWO
HOURS
LATER**

OH, ME...
(sigh) GUESS
IT'S NO
USE.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
SHRIMP? YOU
LOOK
WORRIED.



OH, HELLO! Y-YES...ME IS
WORRIED. ME MUST FIND
A PESKY OL' CROW AN'
ME DONT KNOW
WHAT A PESKY
OL' CROW
LOOKS
LIKE.

A CROW?



AHEM...AND WHY
DO YOU WANT
TO FIND THIS... (crows)
PESKY OLD CROW?

ME IS GOING TO CAPTURE
HIM! HE'S BEEN GIVING
OUR MASTER LOTS OF
TROUBLE...HE HAS! SAY!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT A CROW
LOOKS LIKE?



WELL...ER-UH...ARE YOU POSITIVE
YOU DONT KNOW A CROW WHEN
YOU SEE ONE?

HONEST,
ME REALLY
DONT.



WELL! WELL! IN THAT CASE, YES! IN FACT...
NOBODY KNOWS MORE ABOUT CROWS THAN
I DO! YESSIR! AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
TO CAPTURE ONE IF YOU'LL
DO AS I SAY!

OH, ME
CERTAINLY
WILL!



HO! HO! AM I GOING
TO HAVE FUN WITH THIS
HELPLESS LITTLE CHUMP!





WITHIN A SHORT TIME LITTLE DINKY'S DISGUISE IS COMPLETE.









MERRY MEADOWS

JUSTIN C.
GRUELLE

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MERRY MEADOWS THE MORNING THAT TOMMY TURTLE PUT UP THE CARNIVAL POSTERS. EVERYONE LOOKED IN HIS PIGGY BANK TO SEE IF HE HAD A PENNY TO GET INTO THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS, AND A FEW EXTRA ONES FOR RIDES AND AN ICE-CREAM CONE. IT HAPPENED THAT ROBERT RABBIT AND FREDDY FROG BOTH HAD A PENNY IN THEIR POCKETS, SO THEY HURRIED OFF TO TELL BERTRAND BEAR AND MAURICE MOUSE THE BIG NEWS.

HOORAY! I'LL
BET THEY'LL
HAVE A MERRY-
GO-ROUND AND
EVERYTHING!"

GRAND
CARNIVAL
FOR THE BENEFIT
OF THE MERRY
MEADOWS

LET'S RUN
AND TELL
BERTRAND
BEAR. HE'LL
BE RARIN'
TO GO!

ORPHAN
HOME.
BEGINNING
TODAY

Lulu Locus

SQUEAK
P
SQUAWK
OW-W-W

**PAINLESS®
MUSIC
ACADEMY.**

THEY RAN TO BERTRAND'S HOUSE
JUST AS FAST AS THEY COULD GO.

GOLLY! I WONDER IF
THEY'LL HAVE A ROLLER
COASTER OR A
CHUTE-THE-CHUTES?

AND MAYBE
A MYSTIC
MAZE!



JUST LISTEN TO
THE LOUD NOISES
COMING FROM
BERTRAND'S HOUSE!
SOMETHING TERRI-
BLE MUST HAVE
HAPPENED!

MAYBE HE ATE
SOME GREEN
APPLES.



SHALL WE RUN AND
GET DR. MONK?

GOODNESS
SAKES, NO!
WE'RE ALL
WELL. COME
RIGHT IN,
BOYS.



BERTRAND WAS PRACTICING ON HIS
SAXOPHONE

AS SOON AS BERTRAND
PLAYS "THE FLIGHT OF
THE BUMBLEBEES"
ONCE MORE, HE'S
GOING FOR HIS
MUSIC LESSON.

DID YOU SAY
"FLIGHT" OR "FIGHT"?



HERE'S THREE SHINY PENNIES. YOU
CAN STOP AT THE CARNIVAL AND
HAVE A RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-
ROUND, BUT REMEMBER YOUR
LESSON AT TWO O'CLOCK!

WHEE! THANKS,
MUMSY, WE WON'T
FORGET.



LET'S RUN AND TELL
MAURICE MOUSE THAT
THERE'S A CARNIVAL
IN TOWN.

BOY! WON'T HE
BE SURPRISED!



THEY SOON GOT TO MAURICE MOUSE'S HOUSE IN TWINKLE TOES LANE.

GOOD MORNING, MRS. MOUSE. WE CAME TO TELL MAURICE THAT THERE'S A CARNIVAL IN TOWN.

MY GOODNESS, BOYS, MAURICE

WAS THE FIRST ONE TO GET IN WHEN THE GATES OPENED!



IT DIDN'T TAKE ROBERT AND FREDDY LONG TO GET TO THE CARNIVAL.

WHOOPEE! I CAN SEE THE FERRIS WHEEL!

LET'S FIND A PLACE TO HIDE THE SAXOPHONE TILL I GO FOR THE LESSON.



BERTRAND BEAR HID HIS SAXOPHONE IN A HOLLOW TREE.

THIS WILL BE A SAFE PLACE FOR THE SAX.

YIPPEE! ME FOR THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!

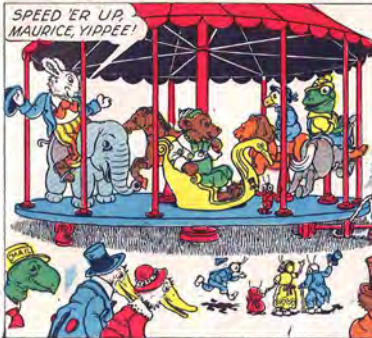
C'MON, LET'S GO! SHAKE A LEG, FELLERS!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T BERTRAND, ROBERT, AND FREDDY, WITH THREE PENNIES! GO RIGHT IN, BOYS.



SPEED 'ER UP, MAURICE, YIPPEE!



THEY TOOK A RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND AND DISCOVERED THAT MAURICE MOUSE WAS TURNING THE CRANK THAT MADE IT GO ROUND AND ROUND.

HOLD ON TIGHT, EVERYONE!



WHEN THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
WASN'T GOING, MAURICE
TURNED THE FERRIS WHEEL.



AND HELPED OUT AT THE "TAKE A SOCK
AT HITLER" BOOTH.



IN BETWEEN
TIMES HE TURNED
THE AEROPLANE
GLIDE.



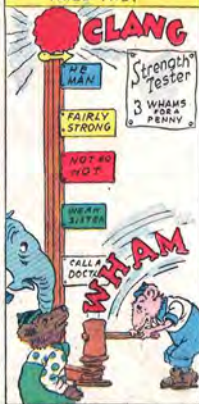
BERTRAND, FREDDY, AND
ROBERT ENJOYED THE
COMICAL MIRRORS.



THEY WATCHED EARL
ELEPHANT TRY HIS
STRENGTH.



THEN MAURICE MOUSE
TRIED HIS.



THE MERRYMAKERS DIDN'T KNOW THAT
SLY OLD FOX AND HARRY HYENA WERE
PLOTTING MISCHIEF

YOU SNEAK UP, HARRY, GRAB
THE CAN FULL OF PENNIES,
AND WE'LL SCRAM!

I'LL GET
'EM,
BOSS!



HARRY HYENA STEALTHILY
TOOK THE CAN OF PENNIES AND
HID IT UNDER SLY FOX'S CLOAK

NOT A SOUL SAW
ME-HEH-HEH!
DIS IS A CINC!



WHILE NO ONE WAS LOOKING THEY
SLIPPED OUTSIDE THE CARNIVAL
GROUNDS INTO THE FOREST

DAT WAS A SLICK JOB.
NOW YOU AND ME ~~IS~~ ON
EASY STREET



THEY POURED THE PENNIES INTO A
HOLLOW TREE NEAR THE PATH

NO ONE WILL FIND
'EM HERE. LET'S GO
BACK AND MINGLE
WID DE CROWD!



SO SLY OLD FOX AND HARRY HYENA WERE
SOON LOST IN THE UNSUSPECTING CROWD

NO ONE'S DISCOVERED DE LOSS
YET IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE DE
EXPRESSIONS ON DERE MUGS
WHEN DEY DO!





THEY GOT TO PROFESSOR OWL'S HOUSE JUST IN TIME.

HELLO, BERTRAND. YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME. STEP IN, BOYS.



NOW, BERTRAND, TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND PLAY THE FIRST NOTE VERY LOUDLY I JUST KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO SURPRISE US ALL BY THE WAY YOU EXECUTE THIS 'FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE'!



AT THE VERY FIRST NOTE OUT POPPED A STREAM OF SHINING PENNIES.



IT'S THE CARNIVAL PENNIES! IF WE TAKE THEM BACK, WE'LL GET FREE RIDES ALL DAY TOMORROW! OH BOY!!



PROFESSOR OLIVER OWL WAS SO EAGER TO GET THE PENNIES BACK TO THE CARNIVAL THAT THE BOYS COULD HARDLY KEEP UP WITH HIM.

'COME ON, SLOWPOKES! WE CAN TOOT ON A SAX ANY DAY, BUT FREE RIDES ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND- MAN, OH MAN! HEY! WAIT FOR US, PROFESSOR!'



CURSES! WE'RE
FOILED AGAIN, PAL.

YEE! DEY DONE ROBBED
US, DAT'S WHAT DEY
DONE!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-BERTRAND
BEAR, ROBERT RABBIT, FREDDY
FROG, MAURICE MOUSE, AND
PROFESSOR OLIVER
OWL GET ALL
THE FREE
RIDES THEY
WANT!

SO, ALL THAT AFTERNOON AND THE NEXT
DAY, BERTRAND, ROBERT, MAURICE,
FREDDY, AND OLIVER RODE AND RODE
ON EVERYTHING IN THE CARNIVAL
AND DONALD DOG EVEN GAVE THEM ALL
THE SODA POP, POP CORN, AND ICE-
CREAM CONES THAT THEY COULD EAT.



MUGGINS MOUSE

sees the world



by Marjorie Barrows

Our Muggins woke one morning,
Feeling very big,
And in his striped pajamas
He danced a little jig



He also sang a squeaky song
And woke his Daddy, too,
And every little mouse
knows that
Is not the thing to do.

His Daddy shouted
"Muggins!
Just stop that noise!"
and then



He put his paws to
both his ears
And went to sleep
again.



So Muggins stopped
his singing
But kept on acting
queerer;
He doused his whiskers
with perfume
And posed before
the mirror.





He dressed up in his Sunday clothes
And then his tail he twirled,
And said, "I think I'm tired of home,
I'll go and see the world!"



His woke his Daddy up again,
He frowned and sighed, "Well, go!"
"Be back for supper," Mother said,
"At six P.M., you know."



"Mice will be mice," sniffed Grandma,
"But keep off pussy's trail,
And mind your mousetraps. Muggins
Mouse,
And don't trip on your tail!"

When Muggins kissed them all
goodbye,
Still feeling very gay,
He took his new umbrella
And started on his way.



At first he skipped a little while,
And to himself he talked.



Then pretty soon he
lost his way



And walked
and walked
and walked.



*He grew so tired and hungry,
But hurried down a road,
And met three chickens and
a pig,
Two rabbits and a toad.*



*Then Muggins said,
"I've lost my way;
I don't know where to go.*



*"Which way is home?"
But no one knew—
And then he stubbed
his toe.*

A turtle said,
 "Come take a ride,
 Use my back for
 a raft!"
 Then he dumped
 Muggins in the
 pond



And laughed



and laughed



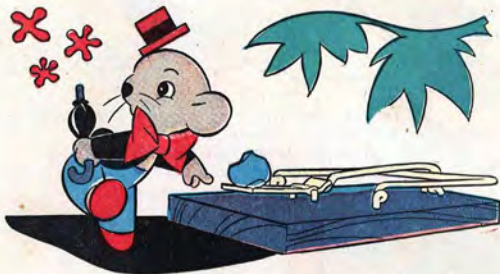
and laughed.



Poor Muggins squeezed his
 tail out dry,
 And then he sniffed a bit.
 "If all the world's like this,"
 he said,
 "I do not care for it."



*And then he saw a piece of cheese
Upon a little slide
He started up to take a bite—
"Look out there!" someone cried.*



*And Muggins saw his Grandma Mouse
Who'd been out to a tea.*



*"That was a trap!" said Grandma
"Now march right home with me."*



*And he was glad to march, although
He did not care, I fear,
For just the way his Grandma Mouse
Held on to his left ear.*



*And when at last he
reached his house,
He was **so** glad
to rest!*

*He hugged his Mother
and his Dad
And squeaked, "Oh,
home is best!"*



*He didn't get a scolding;
His Dad just said, "Ahem!"
And then he had his supper
For it was six P.M.*

Riff raff



Tom, run quick
and fetch some
flour
From the shed—
don't take an hour!

Mother, come and
bring a stick,
In the barrel
there's a kick!

Well, now,
Tom, what
is the
matter?

Matter —
when just
flour will
spatter?



Soon we'll see
what it could be.



It's a puppy, white
with flour.
Fill a pail — one pup
to scour!





And now to see
Just what
he's like.

He must
be one cute
little tyke!



Bless my eyes,
he isn't white!
Some surprise—
he's black
as night!

From soaking,
scouring galore
came puppy,
his old self
once more.



May I
keep him,
mother,
please?

If he
doesn't take
to fleas.

I know just what to
call him, too.
A name that fits him
well and true.
We'll call him Riffraff—
be it said
We found him in
the old
woodshed.



So, for a walk they
gaily went. Tom was
filled with good intent.
But not the pup; for his
keen eye a roving cat
did quickly spy.

Ah, here's my
chance and I
will show, I'm
pretty tough, so
all will know
That I'm already
grown up, and
not to treat me
like a pup!



And businesslike
the cocky pup
Growled as he
swaggered up.



More adventure
was in store
For Riffraff
at the river's
shore.



What do I see
ahead of me?



Riffraff slyly watched the
shell, but there was
little he could tell.

Well, be this thing alive
or dead — without a
tail, nor yet a head?



Not a movement, not
a sound, there was
nothing to be found

Something surely
is inside.
Tis a likely
place to hide.



Riffraff growing
bolder then,
Thrust a curious mitten,
when —



—from the turtle
popped a head
Raising fifty kinds
of Ned!

Then in firm and awful grip,
Riffraff's headed for a dip.
Nearer, nearer came the river;
More and more did
Riffraff shiver.



Oh, the turtle
dropped the doggy.
Tom's big stick had
beat him groggy.

Now, it's best we
head for home.
Soon 'twill be too
dark to roam.



Night, and all was calm
- and still,
Riffraff went
exploring, till—



I do declare!
What is that
there?



Ouch! Does flaming
fire burn?
Well, we puppies
have to learn!







So, all at once they tried to snare
The pup, who, nimble as a hare,
Just dodged and turned and ran about
While everyone did rage and shout.



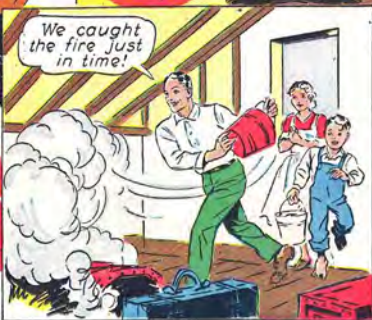
So then began a merry
chase as Riffruff
set a jolly
pace.



Help! Fetch some
water! Stop the fire
Before it rises
any higher!



We caught
the fire just
in time!



To Riffraff's glory be it known
Goes all the credit and a bone.
For it was he who led the way
And raised the cry that
saved the day.

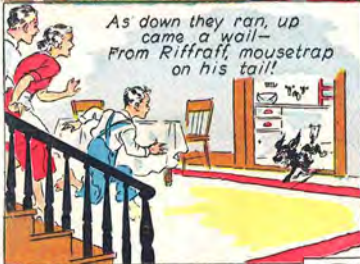


Suddenly there
came a yelp.

Listen!
Riffraff needs
our help!



As down they ran, up
came a wail—
From Riffraff, mousetrap
on his tail!



I'll bet you have no peer
or double, for getting in
and out of
trouble.



Is Riffraff happy? We will say!
A hero's portion is his pay!



I think that maybe it
won't be
So bad here once they're
used to me!





Brownie was just about the fattest, roundest, cutest little bear in the whole forest. And he was the naughtiest, too. He could find more things to do and think up more tricks to play than all the rest of his little brothers and sisters put together. But because he was so fat, and so cute, everyone excused him, and I guess that's where the trouble lay. Brownie was just spoiled, and his mother knew it.



Finally Mother Bear decided to consult Father Bear about Brownie, she was that worried about him. But when Father Bear heard the story he harrumphed a bit, and finally, patting Mother Bear on the shoulder, he said,

"Well, my dear, I wouldn't worry too much about it if I were you. After all, boys will be boys, or should I say, bears will be bears? Don't forget, winter's coming soon, and then you will have plenty of time to keep an eye on him."

"That's right," agreed Mother Bear. "I hadn't thought of that."

But they were wrong. For what neither of them knew was that Brownie had overheard the whole conversation, and when he saw what was to be in store for him all winter, he said to himself,

"They're not going to keep me cooped up in a dark old cave all winter. I'll find a way out, I betcha."

And that's exactly what he did. With the first flurry of snow, Mother Bear gathered all her cubs about her and explained about hibernation.

"You see, children, we stay here all snug and warm in the cave all winter, so that nothing can harm us. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother," they chorused.

But Brownie understood only one thing. That he was going to have to mind his mother all winter and not be able to romp and play as he liked, and he knew he wasn't going to stand for that.

So that night when all was quiet, a little figure stole out the door of the cave into the moonlight. It was the first time he had ever been out at night and everything looked very different. Long strange shadows that weren't there in the daytime and funny noises that were new, too, were all about him. But Brownie was not one for turning back, and so he manfully kept on until he had lost sight of the cave. But before long he grew very tired and, catching sight of a hollow log, he curled up inside of it to spend his first night in the forest.

"They'll be sorry they wanted to keep me locked up in that old cave when they find I'm gone, I betcha," he said to himself as he closed his eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning when he awoke he could hardly believe his eyes. Everything had changed. A deep blanket of snow covered the ground, and Brownie couldn't see a familiar thing in view. Gingerly he



crept out of his warm little nest, for he was very hungry. He hurried through the forest looking for berries on the bushes, but everything was so thickly covered with snow that not a berry was to be found.

"Oh well," mused Brownie, "if I can't find anything I can always go back to mother. She'll have something for me to eat."

But when he turned to find his way back to the cave he saw that he had traveled so far into the forest the night before that he could not remember where the cave was. His little stomach was very empty by now.





and he was getting colder and colder, for the snow had started to fall once more.

"I'd better get back to my hollow log before I lose sight of my tracks in the snow," he thought to himself, and hurried as fast as he could. Maybe if I go to sleep again I'll forget how hungry I am."

And before long there was the log ahead of him, and he ran eagerly toward it to crawl inside.

"Hey, go 'way. This is my house now," cried a voice as he started to make himself comfortable. And there inside the log was the prettiest little black and white striped cat that he had ever seen.

"Oh, my, isn't there room for me, too, Mr. Cat?" said Brownie.

"Go 'way," said the sleepy voice. "Anyway, I'm not a cat, I'm a skunk."

A skunk! Brownie ran out of that log faster than he had ever moved in his life, for his mother had often told them that a skunk was one animal they must leave strictly alone.

The snow was coming down faster and faster, and it was getting very cold. Where was he to go? If he could just find the cave he would never leave it again. And then, suddenly ahead of him, he saw it. He could hardly believe his eyes. How his little heart pounded as he ran as fast as he could through the snow towards it. Warmth, and food, and safety. He pounded on the rock which had been rolled in front of the entrance, and in a moment it was pushed aside.



With a glad cry he hurled himself into the cave, and then . . . what a shock he received. For there in the entrance stood the biggest, blackest, fiercest grizzly bear he had ever seen. He had gotten into the wrong cave.

"Well, what do you mean disturbing my sleep like this?" growled the grizzly, and he made a lunge for Brownie. With a cry of terror Brownie turned and ran as fast as he could, the bear close on his heels. He could feel the hot breath of his pursuer on his neck and knew that in a moment he would be caught. And just then he heard a hoarse howl from behind him and there lay the grizzly with his foot caught in a bear trap.

"Oh my goodness," cried Brownie, forgetting his fright. "Just a minute, I'll help you." And running back, he opened the heavy steel jaws of the trap and freed him.

Then he washed off the injured paw with snow and bound it with his little scarf which he took from his neck. Then he helped the grizzly back to his cave.

"Well, my little friend," said the grizzly, when he was settled comfortably once more, "it looks as if you will have to stay here for the rest of the winter. Never fear, you will be safe."



And that is why, when spring came to the forest and Brownie returned to his family, they found that he had become a serious helpful little cub and was no longer contented to romp and play all day long. Brownie had learned that it is often wise to listen to your parents, for they do know what is best for children.



DON BUGABO and FATCHO

HO! FOR THE LIFE
OF A GALLANT KNIGHT!
WE CONQUER EVIL
AND SET THINGS RIGHT!

MOMENT ON
TO THE NEXT
PANEL! I CAN'T
HOLD THIS UP
FOREVER!

I'M HUNGRY!
WHEN
DO WE
EAT?

by RANKFAY HOMASTAY

DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF
ANYTHING BUT YOUR STOMACH,
FATCHO?? I'M LOOKING
FOR LADIES IN
DISTRESS!

I'M LOOKING
FOR A
SANDWICH!

AH! A MEDIEVAL CASTLE!
MAYHAPS ITS LORD
WILL GIVE US A
NIGHTS LODGING!

LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY'S
OLD GLOVE
TO ME...



A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE INDEED!

OKAY...BUT I SAY IT'S A GLOVE!



OPEN, KIND HOST! DON BUGABOO DEMANDS THAT YOU GIVE NIGHT'S LODGING TO A WEARY KNIGHT!



YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHATEVER WOULD YOU REFUSE A KNIGHT OF THE REALM AND HIS SERVANT LODGING?? SHAME! LET US ENTER, I SAY!

IT IS, WE DON'T WANT ANY!



OBOY! WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR DINNER!

NOT IS THIS? IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A MASQUERADE PARTY, YOU'RE AT THE WRONG HOUSE..



GIVE ME EVILS TO CONQUER...HUGE DRAGONS TO SLAY! BRING ON THE FOOD!

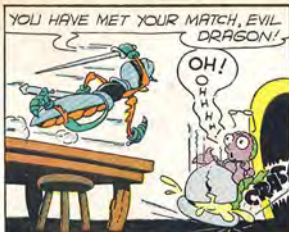
EITHER I'M CRAZY OR THEY ARE!

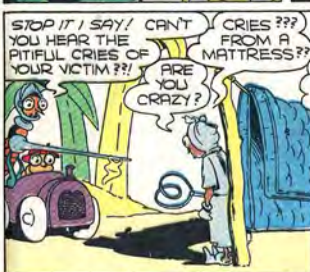
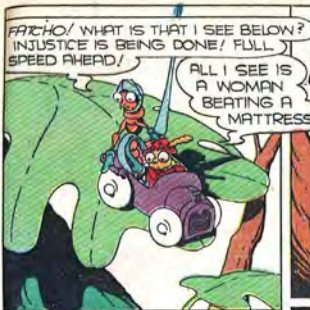


HA! A DRAGON! NEVER FEAR, MY GOOD PEOPLE--I SHALL SLAY THE BEAST!

IT'S NO DRAGON! IT'S MY WIFE!

LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S BRINGIN' FOOD!







Little Otter's Eagle

Kyree the eaglet was too hungry to wait for the wild duck dinner his mother had brought.



As he teetered on the edge of the nest, a rotten stick broke under his weight.



His half-feathered wings could not fly, but they acted like a parachute, breaking the fall.

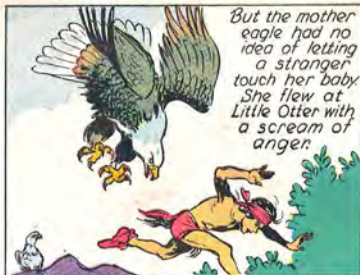


**Kyree!
Kyree!**

Kyree landed unhurt at the foot of the cliff, but his brood-winged mother was wild with worry.



Little Otter, the Iroquois boy, had seen it all. Suddenly he wanted Kyree for a pet.



But the mother eagle had no idea of letting a stranger touch her baby. She flew at Little Otter with a scream of anger.



The Iroquois boy needed only one look at her fierce beak and deadly talons... He dived into the bushes like his furry namesake, the otter.



At sunset the grieving parent eagles had to leave Kyree. They were blind after dark and could not protect him.



Little Otter had been counting on this...After sunset he came back looking for Kyree with a blanket to muffle the eagle's beak and claws.



Don't be angry, little Kyree! If you stay here, some hungry fox will have you for his supper.



See! Kyree trusts me—he would fly at anybody else.

Bald eagle make good pet for young warrior—he fears nothing!



All right. Ten dollars it is. I'll be back in the morning for the bird. Got to fix up a crate to carry him

You bring ten dollars, too, or eagle stay here.

White dog! Little Otter not let you take Kyree away in a crate.

Hush. Kyree! It's only Little Otter!

Late that night the boy crept out of the big wickiup with his hunting knife in hand

I scrape tether-thong almost in two—when white man come to catch you, thong break and you go free

How. Running Wolf! I've come back, bright and early, for your eagle

Good thing you bring blanket... Eagle's claws sharp like knife

How-how-how! Tryin' to get away from me, are yuh? Here's where yuh get fooled!

Hey, grab him! He's broke loose!

Kee-yip!



He spotted the silver flash of a shiner—seized it, and rose with his dripping prize.



Kyree headed for the fish hawk—he would stand for no bird poaching fish in his lake!



Kee-yip!

Aw-wk!

He braked his deadly swoop three feet away. The shiner slipped from the frightened hawk's clutch.

Kyree dived like a bullet... After all, a fish was a fish



Ha-ha! Good catch, Kyree!



As the eagle alighted to eat his booty, Durkin lunged out of the bushes.

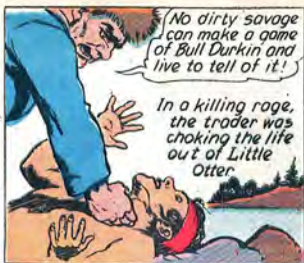


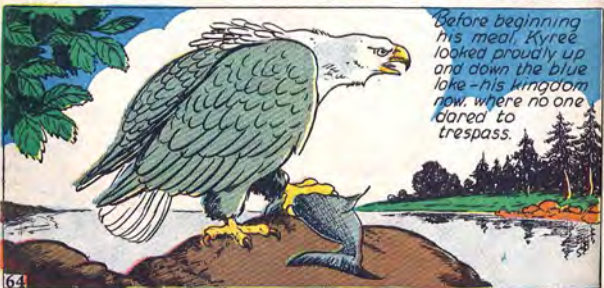
Arrgh!

Ugh! Fly Kyree!



As the net descended, Little Otter's hand shot up, knocking the net aside... Kyree's big wings boosted him into the air.





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...WE HAVE A FUNNY BOOK, TOO!

AND WE HAVE LOTS OF FUN EVERY MONTH!



HA-HA-HEE-HO! ME, TOO

UGH! ME HAVE-UM MUCH FUN MAKE-UM HEAP TROUBLE

WHAT BUBBLE?



WE'RE BROWNIES! WE'LL BE AROUND EVERY MONTH, TOO!



YESSIREE! AND THERE'LL BE STORIES OF BILLY AND BONNY BEE, LIL EIGHT BALL, FELIX THE CAT, MR TWEE DEEDLE - AND LOTS OF YOUR OTHER "NEW FUNNIES" FRIENDS. DON'T MISS ANY OF THEIR ADVENTURES - GET A SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONE YEAR - MAKE SURE YOU GET YOUR COPY EVERY MONTH!



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